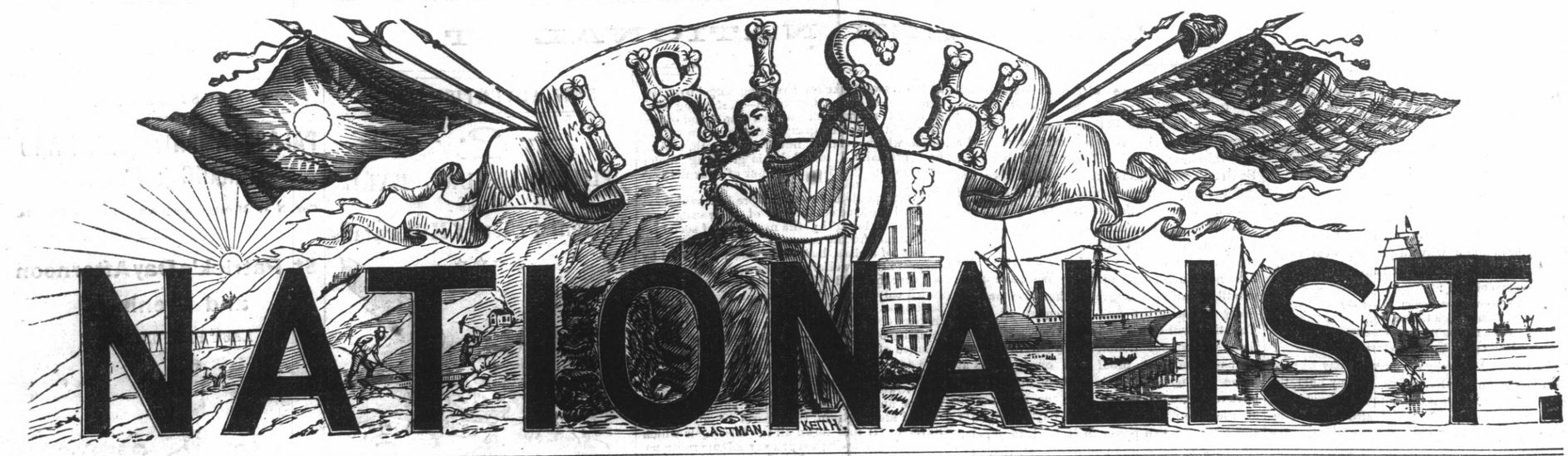


FREEDOM, TRUTH, AND JUSTICE.

St. Patrick's Day Extra, : : : : : : : : : : March 17, 1874.

THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

—BY THE—

NATIONALIST PUBLISHING CO.

OFFICE....No. 409 WASHINGTON STREET.

All Communications must be Addressed to the Business Manager.

TERMS.

One copy, one year.....$ 3 00
10 copies to one address, one year.....$20 00
Single copies.....10

(INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.)

N. B.—Special terms to newspaper dealers.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Dollar a square, (eight lines of this type) per month; except under conditions that will warrant a reduction or justify an advance.

Charges on Local Advertisements due on the day following the issue of the paper.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Under no circumstance will any advertisement of unchaste character or doubtful influence be inserted in these columns. Notices coming from parties unknown to the Publishers, must be paid for in advance.

THE SWEET LITTLE SHAMROCK.

There's a dear little plant that grows in our isle,
'Twas St. Patrick himself, sure, that set it,
And the sun on his labor with pleasure did smile,
And with dews from his eyes oft did wet it.
It thrives through the bog, through the brake, through the mireland,
And he called it the dear little shamrock of Ireland.

CHORUS.

The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,
The sweet little, green little shamrock of Ireland.

This dear little plant still grows in our isle,
Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,
Whose smiles can bewitch, whose voice can command
In Each climate that each shall appear in,
And shine through the bog, through the brake, through the mireland,
Just like their own dear little shamrock of Ireland.

CHORUS.

The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,
The sweet little, green little shamrock of Ireland.

The dear little plant that springs from our soil,
When its three little leaves are extended,
Denotes from one stalk we together should toil,
And ourselves by ourselves be befriended.
And still through the bog, through the brake, through the mireland,
From one root should branch the shamrock of Ireland.

CHORUS.

The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,
The sweet little, green little shamrock of Ireland

"GOD SAVE IRELAND."

AIR:—"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching."

High upon the gallows tree
Swung the noble-hearted three,
By the vengeful tyrant stricken in their bloom;
But they met him face to face,
With the courage of their race,
And they went with souls undaunted to their doom.
"God save Ireland!" said the heroes;
"God save Ireland!" said they all;
"Whether on the scaffold high
"Or the battle-field we die,
"Oh, what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!"

Girt around with cruel foes,
Still their spirit proudly rose,
For they thought of hearts that loved them far and near
Of the millions true and brave
O'er the ocean's swelling wave,
And the friends in holy Ireland ever dear.
"God save Ireland!" said they proudly;
"God save Ireland!" said they all;
"Whether on the scaffold high
"Or the battle-field we die,
"Oh, what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!"

Climbed they up the rugged stair,
Sung their voices out in prayer,
Then with England's fatal cord around them cast,
Close beneath the gallows tree,
Kissed like brothers lovingly,
True to home and faith and freedom to the last.
"God save Ireland!" prayed they loudly;
"God save Ireland!" said they all:
"Whether on the scaffold high,
"Or the battle-field we die,
"Oh, what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!"

Never till the latest day
Shall the memory pass away
Of the gallant lives thus given for our land;
But on the cause must go,
Amidst joy, or weal, or woe,
Till we've made our isle a nation free and grand.
"God save Ireland!" say we proudly;
"God save Ireland!" say we all;
"Whether on the scaffold high
"Or the battle field we die,
"Oh, what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!"

GRAND CELEBRATION

—OF—

ST. PATRICK'S DAY,

March 17, 1874.

THE CELEBRATION, INCLUDING PROCESSION, Line of March, and Literary Exercises at the California Theatre, will be as follows:

PROCESSION.

ADVANCE.
Platoon of Mounted Police.
Drum Corps.
Avant Garde.
French Zouaves—Col. Buffandeau commanding.
GRAND MARSHAL,
James R. Kelly.
Regalia—Green and Gold Scarf, Black Hat, Green, White and Yellow Plume.

CHIEF AIDS,
Col. M. C. Smith, Col. P. F. Walsh.
Regalia—Green and Gold Scarf, Yellow Rosette, Black Hat, with Green and White Plume.
CHIEF OF STAFF,
Hon. Thomas M. Wand;
Regalia—Green and Gold Scarf, Black Hat, Red, White and Blue Plume.
AIDS TO CHIEF OF STAFF,
Capt. John Flanagan, Capt. John H. Blaney.
Regalia—Green and Gold Scarf, Black Hat, Green and Black Plume.
AIDS ON STAFF.

Hon. T. McCarthy,
Dr. D. J. Callaghan,
Capt. P. E. Farrell,
J. A. Farrelly,
Thos. H. J. Griffin,
Mathew Nunan,
J. B. O. Kennedy,
Daniel Sweeney,
J. C. Brady,
James Fogarty,
Alfred Kelly,
J. F. Sullivan,
Nicholas Sweeney,
Michael Hefferman,
P. F. Brady,
J. F. Kelly,
J. M. Hoehs,
Herman Banken,
John H. Dougherty,
Stephen McGillan,
John O'Kane,
G. W. Loftis,
John McLaughlin,
M. J. McGrath,
Dan McCarthy,
John McNulty,
Master Wm. Bambee,
Master Geo. Horan,
Master H. Blaney,
Capt. John Mullan,
William Barker,
J. J. O'Brien,
Daniel Glynn,
Alfred Tobin,
J. N. Lennon,
J. F. Lavery,
P. Lynch,
M. C. Haley,
Denis Geary.
Patrick Burns,
P. F. Butler,
M. F. McKenna,
John Reynolds,
Wm. H. Kelly,
Dan McCoy.
Cornelius Desmond,
Richard Collins,
David Garvey,
F. J. O'Reilly,
Jos. Gleason,
J. C. Morrison, Jr.
John M. Sullivan,
Jas. W. Silk,
J. B. McCue,
P. J. Powers,
P. B. Kennedy,
J. M. O'Sullivan,
Thos. H. Murphy,
John W. Harrold,
David Goggin,
E. J. Buckley,
John Quinn,
Patrick F. Donnelly,
Dr. P. M. Brenan.
David Garvey,
J. P. Lycett,
D. McCarthy,
Thomas Flynn,
Denis Daly,
John Hughes,
John Hayden,
David Buckley,
Patrick Buckley,
H. C. Bateman,
Patrick McMahon,
Martin Tahany,
David M. Dunne,
John O'Malley,
James C. Nealon,
Patrick Hartigan,
Charles Kane,
Michael Foley,
John H. Ryan,
John Kelleher,
John Barry,
D. M. O'Sullivan,
Robert Lewellyn,
James Barry,
John Reynolds,

FIRST DIVISION
Military.
Col. A. Wason, Commanding.
Major P. B. O'Brien and Staff.
Cavalry.
Jackson Dragoons, Captain M. Greany, Commanding.
Band.
Infantry.
Third Regiment N. G. C.
Col. A. Wason.
Lieut-Col. M. C. Bateman.
Major J. J. Conlon.
Adjutant F. J. Tannian.
Quartermaster R. W. Carey.
Paymaster J. D. Cushnon.
Commissary James Barrett.
Surgeon Thomas Green.
Chaplain Rev. Father Larkin.
Non-Commissioned Staff.
Sergt Major Cornelius Donohue.
Quartermaster Sergt. E. P. Enright.
Color Bearers, Sergt's Burns and Gallagher.
Band.
San Francisco Cadets.
Capt. C. E. S. McDonald.
Company A, Montgomery Guards, Capt. Chas. Quinn, Commanding.
Company C, Wolfe Tone Guard, Capt. John Leddy, Commanding.
Company D, Meagher Guard, Capt. J. Kagan.
Company H, MacMahon Granadiers, Capt. J. H. McMenomy.
Company B, Shield's Guard, Capt. M. Flanagan.
Company E, Emmet Guard, Captain Robert Cleary, Commanding.

SECOND DIVISION.
Robert Sullivan, Marshal.
Thomas H. J. Griffin and J. F. Sullivan, Aids.
Barouches containing Officers of the Day.
M. C. Hassett, President.
E. M. Clarken, Orator.
Robert Tobin, Poet.
John H. Gilmour, Secretary.
M. Kane, Vice-President.
James O'Hanlon, Treasurer.
Carriages containing the Reverend Clergy and Invited Guests.

THIRD DIVISION.
Sons of the Emerald Isle Benevolent Association
Band.
Judge M. Cooney, Marshal.
Martin Tahany and David Buckley, Aids.
Nicholas Ennis, President.
James O'Brien, Secretary.

FOURTH DIVISION.
St. Joseph's Benevolent Society, accompanied by the St. Joseph's Society of Oakland.
Willis Band.
Major P. W. Black, Marshal.
Jerry T. O'Brien and P. B. Kennedy, Aids.
President, J. R. Kelly
Secretary, Thomas J. Welsh.

FIFTH DIVISION.
Irish-American Benevolent Association.
Band.
Escort Hibernia Rifles, Capt. T. Desmond, and Lafayette Guard, Capt. Perrier.
John H. Dougherty, Marshal
John Grant and Chas. McVicker, Aids.
Wm. O'Connell, President.
Jas. O'Donnell, Secretary.

SIXTH DIVISION.
Laborers' Protective and Benevolent Association.
Walcott's Band.
Mathew Nunan, Marshal.
Denis Daly and Michl. Hefferman, Aids.
Mathew Kearns, President.

SEVENTH DIVISION.
Ancient Order of Hibernians.
M. Warde (State Delegate), Marshal.
J. J. Donovan (State Secretary), M. J. Wyn (County Delegate), Aids.
La Salle Band, Chas. B. Flanagan, Leader.
John F. Meagher, General President.
John T. Barry, General Vice-President.
Thos. Dready, General Secretary,
Peter J. Carr, General Assistant Secretary.
John Cooney, General Treasurer.
DIVISION NO. 1—SAN FRANCISCO.
B. Keegan, Michael Donohoe, Thos. Mullvehey, John O'Kane—Aids.
James Barrett, President; Jeremiah Dwyer, Vice-President; John B. Harrington, Recording Secretary; Martin Kelly, Financial Secretary: Charles Dillon, Treasurer.
DIVISION NO. 1—NAPA.
P. Lynch, J. S. Hogan—Aids.
F. Lynch, C. D.; Daniel McCarty, President: E. McCullen, Vice-President; J. S. Hogan, Recording Secretary; John Gallagher, Financial Secretary: P. McDonough, Treasurer.
Band.
DIVISION NO. 1—VALLEJO.
M. McGettigan, P. Lane, M. J. Roantree—Aids.
D. Bresnahan, C. D.: J. F. McAuliffe, President; P. McCue, Vice-President; James A. Kane, Recording Secretary, J. E. Kenny, Financial Secretary: James Moran, Treasurer.
DIVISION NO. 1—SAN RAFAEL.
Timothy Day—Aid.
Timothy Day, C. D.; P. Prunty, President; Michael Hennessey, Vice President; Michael O'Brien, Financial Secretary; John Graham, Treasurer.
DIVISION No. 1—Oakland.
S. D. Cronin, L. Young, J. Kelly—Aids.
S. D. Cronin, C. D.; T. Dooley, President; Denis Holland, Vice President; J. O'Brien, Recording Secretary; A. McGarvey, Financial Secretary; James McElroy, Treasurer.
DIVISION NO. 2—OAKLAND.
Thomas O'Neill, President; James Keyes, Vice President Thos Sullivan, Financial Secretary; M. McCabe, Recording Secretary; P. McQuade, Treasurer.

EIGHTH DIVISION.
Ancient Order of Hibernians
Band.
DIVISION No. 2 SAN FRANCISCO.
Daniel Shearon, James Collins, James Wall.
Florence O'Neill, Aids.
William Simpson, President.
John R. Oliver, Vice-President.
B. McDermott, Recording Secretary
James Reid, Financial Secretary,
Michael McMenomy, Treasurer.
Band.
DIVISION No. 3, SAN FRANCISCO.
Maurice Tracy, M. Daley, B. O'Brien, William Riley, Aids.
Humphrey Gallagher, President,
Daniel Ryan, Vice-President.
John Gallagher, Recording Secretary.
Edward Harrick, Financial Secretary
Charles Farley, Treasurer.
Band.
DIVISION No. 4, SAN FRANCISCO.
D. C. Sullivan, M. Connell, William Denney, Sylvester Grant, Aids.
James Butler, President,
J. H. Gilmore, Vice-President.
T. D. Sullivan, Recording Secretary,
Thad. Flanagan, Financial Secretary,
Thomas Kenrick, Treasurer.
Band.
DIVISION No. 5, SAN FRANCISCO.
Edward Sweeney, Frank McAlleer, Aids.
P. R. Hanna, President,
B. Reardon, Vice-President,
John McGrath, Recording Secretary,
Patrick Harrington, Financial Secretary,
Jonn Kenney, Treasurer.
Band.
DIVISION No. 6, SAN FRANCISCO
Thomas Donnelly, P. F. Brady, R. Collins, Aids.
M. C. Hassett, President,
J. J. Desmond, Vice-President,
J. F. Meagher Recording Secretary,
E. R. Birmingham, Financial Secretary,
Thomas Donnelly, Treasurer.
DIVISION No. 7, SAN FRANCISCO.
M. Sears, Aid.
William Higgins, President, J. W. Murphy, Vice-President,
B. C. Mooney, Recording Secretary,
Joseph Kelly, Financial Secretary,
James Callaghan, Treasurer.
Band.
DIVISION No. 8, SAN FRANCISCO.
James Logue, Joseph W. Meagher, Aids.
William Gilleran, President,
John Hogan, Vice-President,
Thomas Flynn, Recording Secretary,
Hugh McClosky, Financial Secretary,
Thos. Lougheran, Treasurer.

NINTH DIVISION.
"American Celts."
Band.
Escort—Sarsfield Guard, Captain J. M. Acton.
First Lieut. S. C. Walsh, Second Lieut. T. A. Farrell.
Irish Volunteers, Captain Lynch,
J. J. Kenny, Marshal,
Aids.

TENTH DIVISION.
Citizens in Carriages,
J. A. Lennon, Marshal,
J. P. Lycett, Thomas Flynn, Aids.

GRAND MARSHAL AND STAFF will take position on Fifth street, south of and right resting on Folsom.
FIRST DIVISION.—The Cavalry will form north side of Harrison, east of and right resting on Fifth St.
The Infantry will form south side of Harrison, west of and right resting on Fifth Street.
SECOND DIVISION will take position south side of Harrison street, right resting on the left of First Division.
THIRD DIVISION.—North side of Harrison street, west of and right resting on Second Division.
FOURTH DIVISION.—North side of Harrison, right resting on the left of Third Division.
FIFTH DIVISION.—North side of Harrison, right resting the left of Fourth Division.
Sixth Division.—North side of Harrison, right resting on the left of Fifth Division.
Seventh Division.—North side of Folsom street, east of and right resting on Fifth Street.
Eighth Division.—North side of Folsom street, right resting on the left of Seventh Division.
Ninth Division.—South side of Folsom, west of and right resting on Fifth Street.
Tenth Division.—Citizens in Carriages.—South side of Howard street, west of and right resting on Fifth.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All Societies and persons joining in the Procession are hereby ordered to be in the respective places assigned them at 11½ o'clock, sharp, otherwise they will forfeit their position in line.

NOTICE TO AIDS.

Marshals of Divisions and Aids on Staff will assemble at the junction of Market and Powell streets, at 8 o'clock, sharp; and report to Chief of Staff for duty.

LINE OF MARCH.

The column will move at precisely 12 o'clock M., up Fifth street to Howard, to Third, to Market, to Montgomery, to Jackson, to Kearny, to Market, to Ninth. Countermarch by the right to Kearny, to Bush, where the procession will be reviewed by the Grand Marshal and Staff and be dismissed.

Exercises at the California Theatre.

Music.....By the Orchestra
Poem.....Robert Tobin
Oration.....R. M. Clarken
Song.....Miss Maggie Moore
Recitation.....Barton Hill
Song.....William Barton
Irish National Anthem, God Save Ireland.....J. C. Williamson
(The audience joining,)

JAMES R. KELLY,
Grand Marshal.

PARADE AMPHITHEATRE.—The pleasure seekers to-day cannot do better than attend the Gala Matinee prepared for their amusement by Manager Wilson, when all his great stars will appear, presenting an array of talent seldom seen in the arena. Wooda Cook, the most versatile performer in the arena, will, besides his wonderful hurdle act, contest with the great O'Brien in the ground and lofty tumblings. El Nino Willie, the pet of the ladies and children, will perform his marvellous act assisted by Mr. Dorr. Miss Helen Cook, the most accomplished equestrienne, and Miss Adelaide, the queen of the aerial wire—besides a host of riders, gymnasts, acrobats and three of the funniest clowns. Don't forget that the last chance to see all these great artists is this afternoon and evening, after which they leave for the Atlantic States.

On Wednesday night this magnificent Temple will be opened by the Dockrel-Kenebel Parisian Circus Troupe the, finest combination of artists and the most magnificent stud of horses that have ever visited this country.

LAST WEEK

—OF—

THE GREAT SALE

—AT—

J. C. TALBOT & CO.'S,

28 KEARNY STREET,

DRY GOODS!

—AT A—

TREMENDOUS REDUCTION

☞ No Such chance ever before offered in this city to buy Goods at such prices as we will sell them for during this week.

NOTICE

TO MILLINERS AND OTHERS.

WE WILL OFFER ON MONDAY AND FOLLOWING DAYS

BLACK SILK LACE, DOTTED.
BLACK SILK STREAMER LACE.
BLACK BRUSSELS LACE.
BLACK SPANISH LACE.
All of which will be sold for

TWO BITS ON THE DOLLAR.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

10 Bales of California Blankets will be sold less than mill prices, also, 100 of the Finest Toilet Bedspreads will be closed out at 30 cents on the dollar; also, 1,000 Patterns in Fine French Embroideries will be sold at half price.

☞ The attention of those in want of Dry Goods is particularly requested to this important sale, as seldom will they have as favorable an opportunity of purchasing the very best goods at decidedly low prices.

BY ORDER OF
J. C. TALBOT & CO.

O'Connell's Prophecy.

[From the suppressed copy of the Dublin Nation, July 29th, 1848.]

O'Connell in 1826 (at the Munster provincial meeting held in Waterford), said, of the imperial ministers of his day—

"They speculate upon the weakness of Ireland. We are more than seven millions. They speculate upon our attachment to British connection, and that speculation is not vain, so far as it refers to us, who have grown into maturer years, under impressions and with opinions favorable to that connection. They speculate upon our horror of blood and anarchy of rebellion and crime. And they are right in that speculation. But let them not mistake our constitutional and conscientious submission to legal authority, for any unwillingness and unfitness to exert all our faculties, mental and corporeal, upon any fitting and constitutional occasion, in the vindication of our natural rights as men, and our just privileges as subjects. The conflict in his country's cause has in itself no terror for the Irishman. The maturity of life has reached me in the struggle; but yet my step is firm, and my arm too is not unnerved. So that I should not feel any personal deficiency to deter me from joining in the battle's roar in the cause of my country. But I have been bred in the doctrines of dutiful submission to the constitution; and those who have acted with me, and grown into age around me, have participated in the same sentiments. The speculation is, therefore, so far safe which reckons on our submission. But I am not without my perception of passing events and instigating causes. Yes, coming events do cast their shadows, and I behold many circumstances which enable me to anticipate the future history of Ireland. The rising generation is not as submissive as their fathers were. It may not be equally safe to treat them ill, as it is to illtreat us. The rising youth of Ireland appear to have their pulses beating with better blood, and I have remarked more than once that while I, myself, was tranquil, the eye of youth scarce reached beyond childhood was glistening with indignation at the history of six centuries of mis-government which this country has endured. This fiery youth, with hotter blood boiling in their veins, is accumulating fast around us. Whilst we of the old day live, we can and will restrain them. But when the grave has closed upon those who have been nurtured in submission, and trained in the toils of patient entreaty, and constitutional prayer; when we are removed, oh, may England for her own sake, for the sake of humanity, and above all, to turn off the evils which even a successful struggle must inflict upon Ireland—may she learn to be wise in time, and to be just while she may be so with dignity and pride. May she never force (for she can not do otherwise) Ireland to imitate America.

Praying to Beelzebub.

WHAT CARLYLE KNOWS ABOUT ENGLISH PEOPLE.

That grim old Scotchman, Carlyle, (commonly called a distinguished *English* author) thus writes of English industry now-a-days:—"The look of England is to me at this moment abundantly ominous; the question of capital and labor growing ever more anarchic, insoluble altogether by the notions hitherto applied to it, pretty certain to issue in petroleum one day, unless some other gospel than that of the 'dismal sciences' come to illuminate it. Two things are pretty sure to me. The first is, that capital and labor never can or will agree together till they both first of all decide on doing their work faithfully throughout and like men of conscience and honor, whose highest aim is to behave like faithful citizens of this universe, and obey the eternal commandment of Almighty God, who made them. The second thing is that a sadder object than even that of the late 'coal strike,' or any conceivable strike, is the fact that, loosely speaking, we may say all England has decided that the profitablest way is to do its work ill, slimly, swiftly and mendaciously. What a contrast between now and, say, only a hundred years ago! At that latter date, or still more conspicuously for ages before that, all England awoke to its work with an invocation to Eternal Maker to bless them in their day's labor, and help them to do it well. Now all England, shopkeepers, workmen, all manner of competing laborers awaken as if with an unspoken but heartfelt prayer to Beelzebub:—"Oh, help us, though great Lord of Shoddy, Adulteration, and Malfeasance, to do our work with the maximum of slimness, swiftness, profit and mendacity, for the devil's sake and an Amen."

MICHAEL RYAN,

DEALER IN

Wines, Liquors, Etc.,

ARMORY HALL,

No. 134 Fourth St., Bet. Minna and Howard,

SAN FRANCISCO.

fe21tf

FRANK H. O'BRIEN. P. H. LYDON.

O'BRIEN & LYDON,

Wines, Liquors and Cigars,

133 Third Street.....Bet. Mission and Howard

SAN FRANCISCO.

[de20tf.]

THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 17, 1874.

GOOD WISHES FOR THE DAY.

A hearty greeting to all our friends, this bright St. Patrick's morning. May happiness, unanimity, and patriotism mark the course of the festive hours, and may all present wear as jocund an aspect as did sweet Innisfail herself to the Iberians of old :

" No frown was seen on sun or sky—
No tear upon leaf or sod,
When first on the Isle of Destiny
Our great forefathers trod,"

Sorrow and joy may chequer the day like the flittings of an April sky, but let joy hold the chiefest place. For if our happiness be clouded by bitter memories, is it not also cheered by glorious ones ; and this is especially the day when the thoughts of Irishmen may be permitted to—

" Still lingering haunt the greenest spot
On memory's waste."

And have we not hope especially our own ? Wherefore, a happy, thrice happy, St. Patrick's Day to Irishmen here and throughout the world ; and may this day be looked back to hereafter by victorious patriots as the last day of hope—as the eve of fruition.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

In every part of the world, beneath the scorching sun of Africa, on the distant shores of Australia, throughout the broad continent of America, we find our countrymen. Driven from home by repression and tyranny, they seek abroad the liberty and prosperity their native land is forced to deny them, and amidst every people, and throughout every change, they preserve those national traits which seven centuries of oppression have failed to eradicate. Meet them where you will, there is the same undying love of mother country, the same unfailing faith in her future fortunes, the same unswerving and uncompromising love of liberty which makes its most cherished home in an Irish bosom In America we are not exiles. Ties of kindred and ties of adoption make us participants in the glory of the mighty Republic, and servitude is a word unknown. Yet, never do the Irish here forget the sufferings of their brothers at home ; never do they forego the earliest allegiance which is due to the land of their birth. Ireland's eventual freedom is the one aspiration of their patriotic souls ; its speedy accomplishment the paramount aim of their otherwise happy lives. And on this day, this 17th of March, we unite to celebrate, in concert with our kindred and countrymen in every clime, the great festival of the Irish nation, the only anniversary our bondage has left us. It is not well to keep our eyes eternally bent on our fetters. *Neque semper arcum tendit Apollo.* It is good to fling the Sunburst of Erin on the air, not in entire forgetfulness of what we have suffered, but as typical of that better anniversary which we will one day celebrate, when it will float, not merely as a national standard, but as the standard of a nation, when the glorious strains of native music sound to give a voice to the exultation of a nation's birth-day.

St, Patrick's Day ! What memories do the mere words invoke ! They carry back our minds from the gloomy present, back, back, into the buried past. They tell us of a freedom that was the first to shake off the degrading bondage of superstition ; they have a ring of the olden time, " when all the world was young and all the grass was green"—when Ireland was free, and when never a tyrant foot of perfidious Albion had desecrated her shores. As such we celebrate it. As a memory of bygone freedom, as a relaxation from present slavery, as an incentive and foretaste of future independence. We feel, also, that it constitutes a tie among the scattered members of our race. We observe it as we observe every other distinctive trait of our marvellous nationality, (marvellous in that seven hundred years of oppression have passed it by and left it unimpaired.) and we take a just national pride in its celebration. Yet, amidst the splendors of the day, amidst the bravery of bunting and the pomp of celebration, forget not, Irishmen, that it is a memory you are honoring. Is there a sadder word than that *memory ?* It comes to us weighted with a thousand griefs for the lost, a thousand regrets for an irrevocable Past, a thousand sad contrasts to cloud the Present. Yet we do not grieve as those who have no hope of consolation. Centuries of oppression have not broken the proud spirit of independence which is the birthright of every Irishman. Again and again have Erin's patriots stood forth in defence of her rights, and faced unblenching the whole panoply of purple tyranny, now on the tented field, now in the Felon's dock, forever ennobled by their presence, and at times, alas ! on the scaffold. But the blood of martyred patriots can never quench the flame of patriotism. Brighter and clearer it burns for each red libation, and never have those who poured it out faltered at the offering. A stern and unmoved aspect towards the judicial murderers—a smile of encouragement and solace to their sorrowing friends—words of prophetic hope, presaging the glorious destiny which the future has in store for Ireland—these were the accompaniments of the closing scene of each of Ireland's patriots. Here we have cause enough for hope ; nay, more, for confidence. These men, as they turned their back on life, and walked boldly forward " to drink the last and bitterest cup of grief that man can taste" left behind them words of comfort. Shall there not be found Irishmen to make these words good ? Shall we not resolve, each St. Patrick's Day, that we will celebrate the anniversary no more under the ban of slavery, but will keep the old memory in happier circumstances, in our beloved native land ? Let this be the last 17th of our bondage, England's weakness is our strength and we see the present difficulties under which England labors. Therefore the celebration of this day should evince a system of organizations amongst Irishmen in America sufficient to hurl the foreign yoke from the neck of our country. We have not much longer to wait. We have power will, occasion. Organize, therefore and be ready to assist the first movement at home. That time will be a speedy and successful one then we connot doubt. We have recently had abundant proof that our brothers at home are not forgetful of their duties. We have opportunities now such as never were afforded the patriots of bygone days when they shook the English power in Ireland to its centre. Let us hope, and hoping so act, that next St. Patrick's Day will soon be celebrated under the auspices of an Irish Republic, and on Irish soil.

Revolutionary Ideas.

FOR THE YOUNG MEN OF IRELAND.

(*From the Irish Tribune of June 24, 1848.*)

At a time like the present, when the vicious systems of European Government, so time-honored and so iniquitous, are dissolving and passing away before the irresistible power of all subduing *Revolution*, it seems to me not altogether inappropriate to consider more particularly the nature of this wondrous agent, and its probable effects upon the most vital interests of our common human family ; and having spent an hour lately, reflecting upon this great theme, I thought I might as well, perhaps, bring my ideas before you, in, however, the same unconnected and rambling manner in which they arose.

Inevitable law—a principle implanted in our human nature, which, like all other natural laws, will constantly vindicate itself—brought about at once, so soon as the members of our race became at all numerous upon the earth, the " division of labor"—the unavoidable superiority of one member over another, and the elevation of some one individual to the topmost pinnacle of power, which conditions of things, under very dissimilar and varying forms, have prevailed to the present, and shall prevail to all time. Different circumstances, of course, at different times, influenced the selection of the chief to whom men were to pay homage. At first, very naturally, mere beauty of person, and the possession of distinguishing physical powers were the qualities which won the popular favor, and secured their possessor the foremost station. Then, gradually and by many intermediate stages, came the supremacy of the intellectual power, the dynasty of genius, the orator whose burning words could rouse the people to action, and the statesman whose wisdom made his country honored and renowned. Still, however, although the tyranny of mere brute force yielded to the pleasing despotism of intellect, the position of the great body of the people was little better than it had ever been. *Slavery*, under whatever deceitful " alias" designated, still coiled its deadly and soul-destroying folds around the " people," and *nations* grovelled in the dust, in order that a " Cæsar", a "Mahomet," a " Charlemagne," or a " Napoleon" might walk erect, and even assume the bearing of a god ! All this time, however, one great principle, not recognized by many, and unheeded by all, founded on the basis of everlasting truth, though oft violated and disregarded, was slowly but surely developing itself. It had fitfuly flashed upon the world for an instant, and at far distant intervals ; but it first rose a steady light over the destinies of " Washington :" it burned a path of fire for the first French Revolution, and it now shines a full sun, for ever, ever the last. It was announced in that sublime " Confession of Faith" which is stamped on freemen's hearts for all times, which declared itself evident " that all men had been created equal," and it is invoked when Frenchmen proclaim " *egalite* !" Yes, it is the glorious principle of equality ! the indefeasible right of all men to the fullest participation in the honors, dignities, and prerogatives, of their race. It has been sneered at and derided by those whose selfish interest it is to sustain the present order of things, and who, assuming their definition of it to be the correct one, have demonstrated triumphantly that it is not *possible* for all men to be equal, as if such an insane idea had ever been entertained by the advocates of "equality," who only claim an equal right, and are not desirous of infringing natural laws, which assign a certain position to each man, according to his physical and mental constitution, and the circumstances in the midst of which he is placed.

All philosophic observation of human history would clearly prove, according to my judgment, that there was originally impressed upon man's nature an impulse of progression, of development, and that the direction of this principle—if it should not, as some have dreamed, eventuate in a " millenium"—has ever been *forwards*, with a tendency to good. Thus, there is easily to be discerned in the records of our race, the slow but unerring workings of a law which substitutes the social for the isolated, replaces the wild rule of violence by reason's equable sway, and demands that the natural government of elected deputies should supercede the transmitted despotism of irresponsible kings. Wherever the recognition of this great law became clear, and that the blessed light of liberty shone in upon the darkness of an enslaved people, so blind were the tyrants from success, so unrelaxing their grasp of unrighteous power, the force of reason and argument was utterly unavailing, and there remained but to bring to bear upon them the terrific engine of revolution. Revolution ! what grand, august, and terrible memories are awakened by the name ! How shall men define it ? We know it by its fruits from the western world, where the colonists, who lately flung English imports into the sea, and fought at Bunker's-hill, now dispute, with all, the sovriegnty of the world. It spoke in the thunders of '89, and succeeding years, with all their crimes, and all their glories, where young Freedom, born in a revolution, was baptized in blood; it slept for a season, then rose like a giant, " refreshed from wine," planted the liberties of France on a fortress eternal as time, swept like an avenging angel over the despotisms of the Continent—destroying that it might reconstruct—nerved the hand of the fiery Southern as he grasped the Austrian with a gripe which relaxed not but in death, and in fine, proclaimed to all lands groaning under oppression. " Arise, the hour of your deliverance is at hand !"

Governments have ever, more or less rudely, violated the true conditions of their existence, Called into being by the necessity of social requirements for the common good of all, the interests of a class have ever been preferred by them to the welfare of the community ; and whether the head of that government had been called emperor or king, president or premier, so long as he was irresponsible—as long as he disregarded this law (as true as death), " the equality of all men"—so long were nations defrauded of their birthrights, so long " Liberty" was a shadow and " Freedom" unknown.

Revolution was the apostle that preached this law, vowed war to the death against all gainsayers, and never paused till it shrined the immortal idea high in the hearts of all true believers. It tore down all the false idols which slaves had adored ; swept away all superstitions, and proclaimed the reign of reason. It planted its heel on the bigot's neck—crushed the head of the serpent, fanaticism—spurned the false doctrince of the rabid zealot—and declaring religion as free as the winds, preached the generous gospel of universal toleration. Of course, those great sentiments met violent opposition. People point to the condition of Paris—of France—now, and call the penalties, which are due and must be paid for the crimes of the dynasty, the consequences of the change. But it is surely no valid argument against revolutions to urge the individual suffering which has often followed in their train—the widespread ruin which has fallen upon classes—or the excesses which have sometimes been committed during moments of forgetfulness. It is not maintained that a revolution is, necessarily, perfection itself. This would not be possible, as, all human actions being unavoidably imperfect, absolute impeccability is a thing not to be hoped for. The enemies of progress, however, should seriously reflect, whether the misfortunes and calamities of a revolution—which are so deplorable, but for the most part necessary and unavoidable—are not clearly chargeable to their account ; and it would behove them to ponder deeply whether they should not take immediate steps, wherever they yet may, to break the shock of the just retribution which, most certainly, shall be enforced.

Have *all*, then, heard the charmer's voice ? Has the summons been heeded by all? Oh, brothers! if you know a land, dear to you by many a nameless tie—which, smiled upon by God, has been frowned on by man—where the rich gifts of a bounteous nature contrast most sadly with human misery, where galling chains, forged by the oppressor to stifle at the same time his own conscience and the cries of his victim, check in the image of God, the assertion of his manhood, and debase him to the level of the brute—a land, in whose children " 'twas treason to love her and death to defend," where laws were so iniquitous as that loyalty to the crown imposed the desperate guilt of disloyalty to country—a land whose rulers deliberately pitted man against man, race against race, and, rising in the scale of infamous guilt, impiously made religion (which should be the sacred neutral ground, on whose broad surface all might meet in peace,) the " foul fiend" whose devilish strife should hopelessly distract all—oh! if there be such a land within your ken, thirsting for the waters of life-giving freedom, then I put it on your souls, by all you value as most sacred, to thunder in its ears the salvation-sound of this revolutionary hymn which is ringing its notes through the world. LANCET.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

JOHN G. HODGE & CO.,
IMPORTERS
—AND—
WHOLESALE STATIONERS.

THE TRADE SUPPLIED
At the Lowest Prices.

Counting Houses Supplied.

JOHN G. HODGE & CO.,
327, 329 & 331 Sansome St.,
SAN FRANCISCO.
mh14tf

HALL & WAGNER'S
TRADE California BLEACHING SOAP. MARK.

Washes Without Rubbing!

It is warranted not to injure the finest fabrics, and will make Blankets and Flannels look equal to new.

Every Bar is Wrapped with Full Directions.

ENQUIRE FOR
HALL & WAGNER'S
Bleaching Soap.

Factory, Corner of Folsom and Sixteenth Sts.,
SAN FRANCISCO.
mh14tf

DONOHUE & CO.,
Horse Shoers,
NO. 8 EVERETT STREET,
Near Third Street.....SAN FRANCISCO.
Horse Shoeing Done with Neatness and Dispatch.
mh14tf

INFORMATION WANTED—OF WILLIAM LANE, of River's View, Newmarket, County Cork, Ireland. He left Ireland three years ago, and came to America. When last heard from, about twelve months since, said to be on his way to California. Important information can be given him by addressing JOHN KENEALY, 30 Third street, San Francisco. Eastern papers please copy.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A. O. H.

THIRD ANNUAL BALL
OF THE
Ancient Order of Hibernians

AT UNION HALL,
On Tuesday Evening...March 17th, 1874.

The arrangements are in the hands of a Committee, who are untiring in their efforts to furnish fun and amusement worthy of the occasion.

☞ A splendid Band will furnish music.

TICKETS.....ONE DOLLAR,
Admitting Gentleman and Ladies.
mh7td

Fifteenth Anniversary Ball
—OF THE—
McMahon Grenadier Guards,

AT PLATT'S HALL,
On the Evening of St. Patrick's Day,
TUESDAY EVENING...MARCH 17, 1874.

☞ Platt's Hall will be decorated in magnificent style on this occasion, by the celebrated artist, Mr. Piper.

☞ Blythe's magnificent Band will furnish the Music.

TICKETS.....TWO DOLLARS,
Admitting Gentleman and Ladies.
mh7td

J. M. BRYAN,
—DEALER IN—
Stoves, Ranges and Tinware,
LEAD AND COPPER WORKER,
Manufacturer of
HYDRAULIC & ARTESIAN WELL PIPE, &c.
130 Third Street,
Between Mission and Howard, SAN FRANCISCO.

JOB WORK of all kinds done in the best possible manner. Particular attention paid to Hotel and Restaurant work. Water piping laid and Plumbing work done. Leaky Roofs repaired and smoky Chimneys cured.

Don't forget the number,
☞ 130 THIRD STREET. ☜
mh7tf

MRS. P. QUICLEY,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
CARPENTERS' TOOLS,
No. 911 Market St.,
Between Stockton and Powell, SAN FRANCISCO.

A Large and Choice Stock of Tools. Manufacturers of Spirit Levels. mh7tf

SPECIAL NOTICES.

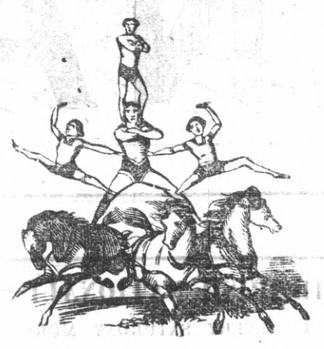
X. TWIABA X.

THE WHITE SAGE.—A new preparation is offered to the public for the restoration of the hair by Dr. L. Terry, 323 Third street, and from the great number of testimonials published by prominent citizens of Elko, Nevada of its efficacy in giving strength to the hair and the speedy return of it to those who have been bald, oblige us to look upon it with more favor than the thousand other preparations already in market. The *Elko Independent* says: "A decoction of white Sage will accomplish more in restoring bald heads, fastening falling hair and renovating and giving healthy action to the scalp than a whole store of the usual remedies advertised for that purpose. Hundreds now in Nevada can testify to this fact, and a trial will convince any doubting Joseph that what we say of it in this respect will be borne out by results, if he will give it a fair trial." If such is the case, the Doctor will reap a rich harvest, for no other city can boast of as many bald-headed people as San Francisco. The medicine can be obtained from every druggist. None genuine without the signature of L TERRY, M. D., on the outside of the wrapper. HEATH FIELD, BOGEL & Co., General Agents. Sole Distiller, Dr L. Terry, Elko, Nevada.

AMUSEMENTS.

PALACE AMPHITHEATRE AND GRAND CIRCUS.
Cor. New Montgomery and Mission Streets.

St. Patrick's Day Afternoon and Evening,
LAST PERFORMANCE



BY ALL THE GREAT STARS.

Wooda Cook, Fred O'Brien, Miss Helen Cook, Miss Millie Adelaide, El Nino Willie, Omar Kingsley.

Magnificent Stud of Trick Horses.

THREE CLOWNS.

Don't forget the Gala St. Patrick's Day.

Performances commence at 2 o'clock.

To-morrow (Wednesday) first night of the
DOCKREL-KENIBEL
Parisian Circus Troupe
—AND—
Magnificent Stud of Horses.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

MR. JOHN McCULLOUGH.....Proprietor and Manager
MR. BARTON HILL.....Acting Manager

THIS (FRIDAY EVENING).....MARCH 13th
Brilliant success of the Great Actress,
MISS NEILSON,
Who will appear in her justly celebrated character of "Juliet," in Shakspeare's Grand Tragedy of
ROMEO AND JULIET !

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.....MARCH 14th
First "Neilson" Matinee---AS YOU LIKE IT!

SATURDAY EVENING---
AS YOU LIKE IT!

Monday and Thursday, March 16 and 19, Last Nights of ROMEO AND JULIET!

Tuesday and Wednesday, March 17 and 18, last nights of AS YOU LIKE IT!

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
TRY IT!
B. F. BARTON & CO'S
PEERLESS
Yeast Powder

The following unsolicited testimonial, from an entire stranger to us, is worth more than hundreds of solicited or purchased puffs:

EUREKA, January 27, 1873.

MR. BARTON :

Sir: I take pleasure in writing this note to you, to let you know that I have been cooking in the principal towns in California for the past ten years, and I can say that your Yeast Powder is the best that I ever used in that time, or any other time. I have been cooking for twenty years. You can publish this, if you wish.

Yours respectfully,
MR. G. BAYLEY,
Eureka, Humboldt Bay.

For the greater convenience of purchasers,
BARTON'S YEAST POWDER
Is put up in packages of one-quarter pound, one, two, five, ten, and twenty pounds, respectively.

Manufactory, 211, 213, Sacramento St.
[fe21tf]

JOHN J. REARDON,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Groceries, Wines & Liquors,
CORNER THIRD AND EVERETT STS.,
Between Mission and Howard,
SAN FRANCISCO.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF PUREST WINES AND Liquors for Family and Medicinal use always on hand. Goods delivered Free of Charge. fe21tf

INFORMATION WANTED—OF MICHAEL LADEN AND PETER LADEN, Parish of Crosmolins, county Mayo. When last heard of in 1850, Peter was then in Liverpool, and Michael emigrated to the United States. Any information respecting them will be thankfully received by their brother, JAMES LADEN, Altamonte Station, Alameda County, California. Eastern papers please copy.

THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 17, 1874.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

We are now about to celebrate an anniversary especially dear to all Irishmen, a day which reminds us of the period when Ireland had a national existence, and which commemorates the period when she attained the proud position of a leading Christian country. Ours is a land of immemorial traditions, of ancient and lofty civilization at a time when Europe was sunk in the grossest barbarism, and we celebrate the 17th of March with a feeling of proud reverence as we think of the fame of our ancestors. It is good for a nation to have an epoch to celebrate, and especially good for a nation whose independence has been unjustly denied for centuries. It serves to prevent our identity becoming merged in that of our oppressors; it reminds us that our servitude is constituted by fetters which are not the natural outgrowth of our position, but which were once clasped on the limbs of a free country, and which may be removed in the same manner; in a word, it constitutes a bond of union between Irishmen of every class and creed, and in every quarter of the globe.

We have so many traditions of St. Patrick that his real identity is well nigh lost in them, and we have to be content to venerate him as he has been handed down to us, the founder of our Church, the apostle of Ireland, and the earliest developer of our Island's resources. We have been unfortunate since his time. We were then free, and for many years after possessed a creditable and independent national existence. Then dissension crept in, feuds sprang up which could not adjust themselves; crimes brought not only their own punishment, but involved the innocent with the guilty; for a desolated home so wrought upon Dermot McMurragh that he forgot his nationality, forgot the duties that he owed his country, and invoked the aid of the English. It was the realization of the old fable of the horse and the stag. The horse received a rider on his back that he might expel the stag, and could not afterwards rid himself of the burden. The invitation chimed in well with the ambitious schemes of Henry, a British force landed on those shores which they have never since quitted. Still through our evil days, alas, we have had little else for centuries; we have continued to celebrate the 17th of March, and it has long been regarded as a national festival. The proceedings of the day among the Irish in America are usually characterized by more pomp and circumstance than at home, but, however observed, it always holds a high place in the national regard. We trust that our national holiday will not often hereafter be celebrated under the circumstances which have hitherto cast a cloud upon its most joyous moments. We more than hope that on some future St. Patrick's Day, perhaps not distant, the green banner will wave for the celebration of something more than memory, that it will rest upon the breeze as fairly as its more favored sisters—a recognized and respected national standard. Never will the immortal SUNBURST of Erin have shone so brightly in the eyes of her sons as when it gilds the day of our independence. We live in this hope, which each day is bringing nearer fruition, and in its glorious expectation are almost content to see our country suffer on, knowing that it is but for a little, and that the end cannot be much longer deferred. Meanwhile we recognize in St. Patrick's Day our only national holiday, our sole Irish anniversary, and let us remember on the approaching day that we be not oblivious in our joy, but mindful of the happier anniversary that awaits us.

Archbishop McHale on O'Donel's Candidature.

At a conference of the clergy from the three dioceses of Tuam, Killala and Achonry, Archbishop McHale spoke well and forcibly in demonstration of the folly of electing a landlord, one with all the interests and prejudices of his class, to represent the people in parliament, whatever professions he might make on the hustings. We quote a brief portion of the Archbishop's speech, and it is a noteworthy fact that every remark he makes for the benefit of the Mayo electors are equally applicable to Kelly's candidature in Limerick, and give a severe rebuke, while they set a salutary example to Bishop Butler. Speaking of O'Donel's professions and promises, the Archbishop says:

Have the heads of the noble house of Newport any record of public beneficence to show the voters of this county? We are not so young, nor are our memories so leaky, that we should forget the awful famine years of '46, '47 and '48. What misery did not the people bear, what sufferings did they not endure in these times, when they were thrown out of their homesteads by heartless landlords, and these homes made into sheep-walks and large farms, while the people were banished to a foreign shore, or left houseless or homeless to starve and die, as many of them did, by the wayside? Are we to forget all this and much more? The pastors of the people ought to be the last to forget these things; and if we should forget them, why, the people themselves, who still live at home, do not forget them; and they should, and rightly, too, deem us recreants to the cause of humanity and religion, if we should aid in rewarding with the seal of approbation the perpetrators of such public wrongs. If we should forget these things, the eyes and ears of our exiled kindred in America and in the broad lands of Australia, are open to see and hear what happens here at home; and they would cry out in the voice of execration from their far-off abodes, saying, "Shame on such conduct!" * * * * The candidate is not, then, in my opinion, one who ought to be honored by the public trust of representing the interests of this county in parliament.

GRAND BALL

— OF THE —

KNIGHTS OF THE RED BRANCH,

THIS EVENING,

At Horticultural Hall.

Life-Like Panoramic Portraits of the following Celebrated Irish Martyrs:

Emmet,
Lord Edward Fitzgerald,
Thomas Davis,
Terence Bellew McManus,
Wolfe Tone,
Henry Grattan,
Thomas Francis Meagher,
William Smith O'Brien.
The Manchester Martyrs.

St Patrick's Day

GRAND ANNUAL

MILITARY AND CIVIC

BALL

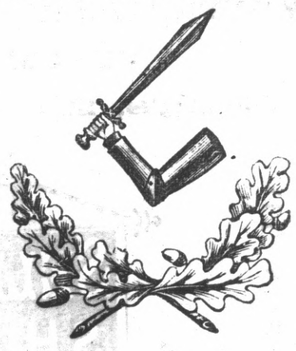
— OF THE —

Knights of the Red Branch,

AT HORTICULTURAL HALL,

(Stockton Street, near Post,)

THIS EVENING.



THE GREEN, WHITE AND GOLD.

Air—The Red, White and Blue.

In the soft blooming vales of our country
Three colors shine brightest of all,
On moorland, on mountain, and meadow,
On cottage and old castle wall,—
They shine in the gay summer garden,
And glint in the depths of the wold,
And they gleam on the banner of Ireland,
Our Colors—the Green, White and Gold!

Then, hurrah for the Green, White and Gold
To the fresh winds of Freedom outrolled!
May they gleam on the banner of Ireland,
Our Colors—the Green, white and gold!

In the days of Fomorian and Fenian
Our colors flashed bright in the ray,
And their gleam kept the fierce Roman eagles
In Roman-conquered Britain at bay.
When Con fought his hundred red battles,
And the lightning struck Dathi of old,
As he bore through Helvetia's wild gorges
Our Colors—the Green, White and Gold!

Then, hurrah for the Green, White and Gold!
May they flourish again as of old,
May they wave o'er new Fenian Legions
Our Colors—the Green, White and Gold!

Up many a grim breach of glory,
Up many a fierce battle tide,
Waving high o'er the red-gleaming surges
Our colors swept on in their pride;
From the day when triumphant they fluttered
O'er the legions of Brian the Bold,
Till with Sarsfield they streamed down the Shannon,
Our Colors—the Green, White and Gold!

Then, hurrah for the Green, White and Gold
To the free winds of Heaven outrolled,
May they gleam on the banner of Ireland,
Our Colors—the Green, White and Gold!

In these dark days of doom and disaster,
Is it dead—the love for our land?
Are our hearts less brave than our fathers?
Comes the sword with less deft to our hand?
No! We've proved it the wide world o'er
In all lands where war's surges have rolled,
And we'll raise it triumphant in Ireland,
Our Colors—the Green, White and Gold!

Then, hurrah for the Green, White and Gold!
May they flourish again as of old,
May we see them triumphant in Ireland,
Our Colors—the Green, White and Gold!

A GRAND

Panorama

— OF —

IRELAND

Will be Exhibited.

PORTRAITS OF

IRELAND'S PATRIOT DEAD.

THE KNIGHTS, on this occasion, will introduce several new features—the Moonlight Dance, etc., etc.—and make it, if possible, more brilliant than any former one. ☞ The magnificent Oil Painting of Terence Bellew McManus will be awarded to the winning number on that evening. Those holding tickets will take notice.

Panoramic views of Irish Scenery and *Portraits of Ireland's Patriot Dead*, gotten up specially for this occasion at great expense, will form a grand and unique feature during the intervals between dances.

A chance for a Splendid Singer Cabinet Sewing Machine will be given to the holder of each ticket on entering. A splendid Band of Twenty Pieces will furnish Music.

TICKETS (Admitting Gentleman and Ladies), ONE DOLLAR.

[Written for "The Irish Nationalist."]

THE CASKET AND ITS JEWEL.

The casket was fitted and made
And adorned with ornament fair,
With the purest of gold 'twas inlaid,
And enameled with tintings most rare.

But 'twas empty of jewels as yet,
A gem to enjoy it was needed,
And the charms of its loveliness well might beseem
The guerdon its silent lips pleaded.

Soon a jewel most rare was enshrined,
In the midst of its beauty and splendor,
And nothing was needed more perfect in all
This wonderful casket to render.

Like this casket, so brightly adorned,
Is the mortal encasement of man—
The statue of clay the good Maker formed
When the crown of creation began.

The body was formed and completed,
But lifeless and useless it stood—
A casket without any jewel—and yet
In the sight of its God it was good.

The casket was wondrously fair,
Though formed from the cold earthy sod,
A finished and excellent work for it bore—
The touch of the finger of God.

And what was the jewel? the breath of the Lord
Was given the casket to fill,
And lustrous with life immortality light,
The soul is earth's rarest gem still.

But this casket, so wondrous and fair,
Is doomed in a few years to fade,
But the jewel it holds will live evermore,
Since of divine breath it is made.

To us it belongs to enshrine it with care,
In crowns that are lasting and bright—
In crowns that encircle the great shining Throne
In God's kingdom of bliss and of light.

N. C. G.

College of Notre Dame, San Jose.

PAINTING OF TERENCE BELLEW McMANUS.

In our last issue we published a few of the legal swindles by which wealthy harpies have escheated, and are holding, the property of Terence Bellew McManus, in defiance of the rights of his sister. That lady is now amongst us and in positive want. It is the imperative duty of every citizen of the country for which McManus sacrificed home, wealth and liberty, to aid in obviating the worst consequences of that foul and disgraceful wrong. An opportunity is now offered. The magnificent oil-painting of the deceased patriot, Terence Bellew McManus, is put up on raffle for the benefit of his destitute sister. Irishmen, remember the patriot, and care for the patriot's relative. There is now an opportunity of aiding an estimable lady, and one who has the strongest possible claim on every patriot, and at the same time a chance of becoming the possessor of a splendid work of art—one which merits a high, perhaps the highest, place in the gallery of Ireland's worthies. The raffle will come off at Horticultural Hall on St. Patrick's night, when the painting will be presented to the lucky winner. Take a chance at once, and do not lose the opportunity of gaining a splendid painting while assisting the sister of a man who has sacrificed all—even to life itself—for Ireland.

The American Celts.

A large and enthusiastic assemblage of the young men of Irish parentage, who intend to participate in the celebration on St. Patrick's Day, was held Wednesday evening at Hibernia Hall. Assistant District Attorney Ferral presided, and J. J. Cunningham was Secretary.

At eight o'clock Colonel P. F. Walsh was introduced by Mr. Ferral, and delivered a stirring and patriotic address, which was repeatedly applauded.

John F. Meagher stated that the committee appointed at the last meeting had decided to name the organization "The American Celts of San Francisco."

The meeting unanimously resolved to adopt the name.

George Clinton was appointed Sergeant-at-Arms, and Supervisor James J. Kenny was declared Marshal by acclamation. The Chair appointed the following named a Finance Committee: James H. Bellew, M. J. McGraw, Wm. Hallahan, James J. Kenney, Edward Flaherty, James Ryan, John Clemens, John P. Shine, John Rice, W. C. Forde, James E. Ryan, J. F. Meagher, Edward J. Buckley, Patrick Flynn, Al. Murphy, C. V. Hussey, J. P. Coghlan, J. Boystan, T. J. Dixon, Mathew Dyer and Thomas Flynn.

J. F. Meagher suggested that the organization should have a military escort.

Colonel Wason, who had been invited to the platform, tendered the escort of the 3rd Regiment to the organization, which was accepted.

Marshal Kenny appointed the following Aids: J. F. Boyston, J. H. Ryan, John Doherty, F. Sullivan, and J. J. Cunningham.

A large number of gentlemen were enrolled as members. After a few remarks from Colonel Smith, the meeting adjourned until next Monday evening.

There were two attempts made on Tuesday night to set Reno on fire, and the second one came near being a success. Certain parties are suspected of the crime.

A MAN named Ramsey fell down the shaft of the Independent coal mine, at Somersville, on Tuesday, breaking his jaw in two places, and sustaining other severe injuries.

THE huge inverted syphon of the Viginia and Gold Hill Water Company, which carries the water across the Washoe valley, says the "Enterprise," is proving a grand success.

ON Monday evening last a man was found dead on the farm of Mr. Oliver, about two miles west of Santa Barbara. He had been dead several days. He is supposed to be Charles P. Jones, from Buffalo, N. Y.

FOUR CHINAMEN escaped from the Alameda County Jail, at San Leandro, last Saturday night, by burrowing under the walls. They were recaptured within a few hours.

A correspondent of the Sutter Creek *Independent*, writing from Lancha Plana, says the mines are about played out in that neighborhood. The only chance there is for the place to regain its former prosperity, or even the shadow of it, is the much-talked-of railroad from Stockton to Ione.

SUPPRESSED COPY OF THE DUBLIN "NATION."

We present our readers with some of the articles from the suppressed copy of the *Nation*, July 29th, 1848. This paper was never issued, the office having been entered by the police and everything seized. The *Nation* of that time was widely different from the journal which now bears that name; it was a thorough revolutionary organ, as may be seen from the subjoined articles, which now appear for the first time in America.—[ED. IRISH NATIONALIST.

JACTA ALEA EST.

(From the suppressed "Nation" of July 29th, 1848.)

The Irish nation has at length decided. England has done us one good service at least. Her recent acts have taken away the last miserable pretext for passive submission. She has justified us before the world, and ennobled the timid, humble supplication of a degraded, insulted people, into the proud demand for independence, by a resolved, prepared, and fearless nation.

Now, indeed, were the men of Ireland *cowards* and *traitors* this moment for retribution, combat and victory were to pass by unemployed. It finds them slaves, but it would leave them infamous.

Oh! for a hundred thousand muskets glittering brightly in the light of Heaven, and the monumental barricades stretching across each of our noble streets, made desolate by England—circling round that doomed Castle, made infamous by England, where the foreign tyrant has held his council of treason and iniquity against our people and our country for seven hundred years.

Courage rises with danger, and heroism with resolve. Does not our breath come freer, each heart beat quicker in these rare and grand moments of human life, when all doubt, and wavering, and weakness are cast to the winds, and the soul rises majestic over each petty obstacle—each low, selfish consideration, and, flinging off the fetters of prejudice, bigotry, and egotism, bounds forward into the higher, diviner life of heroism and patriotism—defiant as a conqueror, devoted as a martyr, omnipotent as a deity?

We appeal to the whole Irish nation—is there any man amongst us who wishes to take one further step on the base path of sufferance and slavery? Is there one man who thinks that Ireland has not been sufficiently insulted, that Ireland has not been sufficiently degraded in her honor and her rights, to justify her now in fiercely turning upon her oppressor? No! a man so infamous cannot tread the earth; or if he does, the voice of the coward is stifled in the clear, wild, ringing shout that leaps from hill to hill, that echoes from sea to sea, that peals from the lips of an uprisen nation—"We must be free!"

In the name then of your trampled, insulted, degraded country; in the name of all heroic virtues, of all that makes life illustrious or death divine; in the name of your starved, your exiled, your *dead;* by your martyrs in prison cells and felon chains; in the name of God and man; by the listening earth and the watching Heaven, I call on you to make the aspirations of your souls *a deed*. Even as you read these weak words of a heart that yet palpitates with an enthusiasm as heroic as your own, and your breast heaves and your eyes grow dim with tears as the memory of Ireland's wrongs rushes upon your souls—even *now* lift up your right hand to Heaven and swear—swear by your undying soul, by your hopes of immortality, never to lay down your arms, never to cease hostilities, till you regenerate and save this fallen land.

Gather round the standard of your chiefs. Who dares to say he will not follow, when O'Brien leads? Or who amongst you is so abject that he will grovel in the squalid misery of his hut, or be content to be flung from the ditch side into the living tomb of the poor-house, rather than charge proudly, like brave men and free men with that glorious young Meagher at their head, upon the hired mercenaries of their enemies? One bold, one decisive move. One instant to take breath, and then a rising, a rush; a charge from north, south, east and west upon the English garrison, and *the land is ours*. Do your eyes flash—do your hearts throb at the prospect of having *a country?* For you have had no country. You have never felt the pride, the dignity, the majesty of independence. You could never lift up your head to Heaven and glory in the name of Irishman, for all Europe read the brand of *slave* upon your brow.

Oh! that my words could burn like molten metal through your veins, and light up this ancient heroic daring which would make each man of you a Leonidas—each battle-field a Marathon—each pass a Thermopylæ. Courage!—need I preach to Irishmen of courage? Is it so hard a thing, then, to die? Alas! do we not all die daily of broken hearts and shattered hopes, and tortures of mind and body that make life a weariness, and weariness worse even than the torture; for his life is now one long, slow agony of death.

No! it cannot be death you fear; for you have braved the plague in the exile ship of the Atlantic, and plague in the exile's hope beyond it; and famine and ruin, and a slave's life and a dog's death; and hundreds, thousands, *a million* of you have perished thus. Courage! You will not now belie those old traditions of humanity that tell of this divine God-gift within us. I have read of a Roman wife who stabbed herself before her husband's eyes to teach him how to die. These million deaths teach us a grand lesson. To die for Ireland! Yes; have we not sworn it in a thousand passionate words by our poets and orators—in the grave resolves of Councils, Leagues and Confederations? Now is the moment to test whether you value most Freedom or Life. Now is the moment to strike, and by striking save, and the day after the victory it will be time enough to count our dead.

But we do not provoke this war. History will write of us—that Ireland endured wrongs unexampled by any despotism—suffering unequalled by any people—her life-blood drained by a vampire host of foreign masters and officials—her honor insulted by a paid army of spies—her cries of despair stifled by the armed hand of legalized ruffianism—that her peasants starved while they reaped the corn for their foreign lords, because no man gave them bread—that her pallid artizans pined and wasted, because no man gave them work—that her men of genius, the noblest and purest of her sons, were dragged to a felon's cell, lest the people might hear the voice of TRUTH, and that in this horrible atrophy of all mental and physical powers, this stagnation of all existence who ever dared to rise and demand wherefore it was that Ireland, made so beautiful by God, was made the plague spot of the universe by man—he was branded as a Felon, imprisoned, robbed, tortured, chained, exiled, murdered. Thus history will write of us. And she will also write that Ireland did not start from this horrid trance of suffering and despair until 30,000 swords were at her heart, and even then she did not rise for vengeance, only *prepared to resist*. No, we are not the aggressors—we do not provoke this terrible war. Even with 6,000,000 hearts to aid us, and with all the chances of success in our favor, we still offer terms to England. If she capitulates even now at the eleventh hour, and grants the moderate, the just demands of Ireland, our arms shall not be raised to sever the golden link that unites the two nations. And the chances of success are all with us. There is a God-like strength in a just cause—a desperate energy in men who are fighting in their own land for the possession of that land. A glowing enthusiasm that scorns all danger when from success they can look onward to a future of unutterable glory and happiness for their country. Opposed to us are only a hired soldiery and a paid police, who, mere trained machines even as they are, yet must shudder (for they are men) at the horrible task of butchery under the blasphemed name of duty to which England summons them. Brothers, many of them are of this people they are called upon to murder—sons of the same soil—fellow-countrymen of those who are struggling to elevate their common country. Surely whatever humanity is left in them will shrink from being made the sad instruments of despotism and tyranny—they will blush to receive the purchase-money of England which hires them for the accursed and fratricidal work. Would a Sicilian have been found in the ranks of Naples? Would a Milanese have been detected in the fierce hordes of Austria? No, for the Sicilians prize honor, and the stately Milanese would strike the arm to the earth that would dare to offer them Austrian gold in payment for the blood of their own countrymen. And Heaven forbid that in *Ireland* could be found a band of armed fratricides to fight against their own land for the flag of a foreign tyrant. But if, indeed, interest, or coercion should tempt them into so horrible and unnatural a position, pity, a thousand times pity, for those brave officers who vaunt themselves on their honor. Pity for that brave soldiery whose Irish valour has made England illustrious, that they must stain honor, and fame, and profession, and their brave swords, by lending them to so infamous a cause. Ah! we need not tremble for a nation filled with a pure and holy enthusiasm, and fighting for all that human nature holds dear; but the masters of those hired mercenaries may well tremble for their cause, for the consciousness of eternal infamy will unnerve every arm that is raised to uphold it.

If the government, then, do not come forward with honest, honorable and liberal concessions, let the war, active and passive, commence. *They* confide in the discipline of their troops—*we* in the righteousness of our cause. But not even a burning enthusiasm—which they have not—added to their discipline, could make a garrison of 30,000 men hold their ground against 6,000,000. And one thing is certain—that if the people do not choose to fight the garrison, they may *starve* them. Adopt the Milan method—let no man sell to them. This passive warfare may be carried on in every village in Ireland, while more active hostilities are proceeding through all the large towns and cities. But to gain possession of the capital should be the one grand object of all efforts. Let every one converge to this point. The Castle is the keystone of English power. Take it, destroy it, burn it—at any hazard become masters of it; and, on the same ground from whence proceeded all those acts of insult and infamy which aroused the just retribution of a people's vengeance, establish a government in which the people of all classes can place confidence.

On this pedestal of fallen tyranny and corruption raise a structure of nobleness that will at once give security and the prestige of time-honored and trusted names to our revolution. For a people who rise to overthrow a despotism will establish no modification of it in its place. If they fight, it is for absolute independence; and, as the first step in a revolution should be to prevent the possibility of anarchy, the men elected to form this government ought at once to take the entire progress and organization of the revolution under their protection and authority. It will be their duty to watch that no crime be suffered to stain the pure flag of Irish liberty. We must show to the world that we are fitted to govern ourselves, that we are, indeed, worthy to be a free nation; that the words union, liberty, country, have as sacred a meaning in our hearts and actions as they are holy on our lips; that patriotism means not merely the wild irresistible force that crushes tyranny, but reconstruction, regeneration, heroism, sacrifice, sublimity; that we have not alone to break the fetters of Ireland, but to raise her to a glorious elevation—defend her, liberate her, ennoble her, sanctify her.

Nothing is wanting to complete our regeneration, to ensure our success, but to cast out those vices which have disgraced our name among the nations. There are terrible traditions shadowing the word liberty in Ireland. Let it be our task, men of this generation, descendants of martyrs, and sufferers, and heroes, to make it a glad evangel of happiness—a reign of truth over fictions and symbols—of intellect over prejudice and conventionalism—of humanity over tyranny and oppression. Irishmen! this resurrection into a new life depends on you; for we have lain dead. Hate, distrust, oppression, disunion, selfishness, bigotry—these things are death. We must crush all vices—annihilate all evil passions, trample on them, as a triumphant Christ with his foot upon a serpent, and then the proud hallelujah of freedom will rise to Heaven from the lips of a pure, a virtuous, a regenerated, a God-blessed people; and this fair land of ours, which now affrights the world with its misery, will be one grand temple, in which we shall all kneel as brothers—one holy, peaceful, loving fraternity—sons of one common country—children of one God—heirs together of those blessings purchased by our blood—a heritage of freedom, justice, independence, prosperity and glory.

St. Patrick's Day, 1874.

[Written for the Irish Nationalist.]

When the first doom of tyranny was spoken
And Europe took her stand,
Panting above the fetters she had broken,
And waited, sword in hand.

When from the forests of the German highlands
Still pealed the battle-cry,
Finding an echo in the Western Islands
And 'neath an Irish sky;

There landed on the wave-lashed shores of Erin
A preacher of that faith,
Then, in the twilight of its first appearing,
Now mightier than Death;

Fearlessly speaking down the superstition
That then bound down the free,
And teaching Innisfail her true position
And native sovereignty.

Fell at his words the power of the Druid,
And Freedom had its birth.
Oh! for a second Patrick to renew it
Forever on the earth.

He passed away—but in a grateful nation
His memory survives;
His name the warrant of our land's salvation
And honored in our lives.

One day each year we celebrate his mission
And blessed ministry;
And Erin's sons, of every condition,
In fancy then are free.

Alas! that it should be in fancy only,
Alas! that Innisfail
Must pine on in her fetters, faint and lonely,
While tyrants still prevail.

Shall it be ever thus? Ah! no, a murmur
Reaches the Golden Gate;
It crosses the broad continent, and firmer
Tells us to watch and wait.

The welcome whisper—Ireland is not sleeping—
Is heard upon our coast;
Our gallant country still her faith is keeping
That all is not yet lost.

Hope's vision shews the serried ranks of freedom;
Hope's ear can hear their tread;
With men like those that we have lost to lead 'em,
Old Ireland's deathless Dead.

The glorious SUNBURST on the air is streaming,
The emerald banners wave.
Just Heavens! Are such visions only dreaming?
Is Erin still a slave?

Arise, brave men, and let this celebration
Of our Saint's ministry
Be the last gathering of a trampled nation,
The next, let us be free!

Joy's smile may lurk beneath the tear of sorrow,
And Freedom's blessed ray
Breaking from clouds of slavery to-morrow,
Gild next St. Patrick's Day.

G. H. J.

C. DESMOND

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Just go to Desmond's store, and there
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California White Wine,
Angelica Wine,
Holland Gin,
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GREAT ANNUAL

Clearance Sale.

THE PUBLIC ARE RESPECTFULLY informed that our Great Annual Sale commences TO-MORROW (Monday), February 2d, and will be continued for twenty-six days. During that time the entire stock will be sold at a tremendous reduction.

The subjoined list of prices will give some idea of the reductions made, but to fully understand and appreciate the bargains that are now offered, ladies would do well to call and examine the Stock, compare prices, etc., (which I respectfully invite all intending purchasers to do) before purchasing elsewhere;

	Worth	Reduced to
BLACK SILKS,	$2 25	$1 25
BLACK SILKS,	2 50	1 50
BLACK SILKS,	3 00	2 00
BLACK SILKS,	3 25	2 25
BLACK SILKS,	3 50	2 50
BLACK SILKS,	4 00	2 75

☞ 20 pieces French Cros Grain Black and White Striped Silks, reduced to 75 cents a yard; original price, $1 25.
100 pieces Irish Poplins (Imitation), reduced to 25 cents a yard.
200 pieces Fine Wool Serges, reduced to 40 cents a yard.
50 pieces French Velours, 25 cents a yard; original price, 60 cents.
100 pieces English Poplin Alpaca, reduced to 25 cents a yard.

BLACK GOODS
ALL MARKED DOWN.
GOOD BLACK ALPACA,
25 cents a yard.
BEAUTIFUL BLACK CASHMERE,
75c. a yard; worth $1 25.

500 Wool Shawls (72x72), reduced to $1 50 each.
Large Heavy Gray Blankets, reduced to $2 a pair.
Large Size Marseilles Quilts, reduced to $1 each.
Large Size Linen Napkins, reduced to $1 a dozen.
Large Size Linen Towels, reduced to $1 a dozen.
Double Width Sheeting, reduced to 25 cents a yard.
Heavy Unbleached table Linen, reduced to 20 cents a yard.
Handsome Nottingham Lace Curtains, reduced to 25 cents a yard.
Heavy Wool Shaker Flannel, reduced to 25 cents a yard.
Good Canton Flannel, reduced to 12½ cents a yard.
Oregon Scarlet Twilled Flannel, reduced to 37½ cents a yard.
Plain Scarlet Flannel, reduced to 25 cents a yard.
Heavy Scotch Ginghams, reduced to 12½ cents a yard.
All Linen Crash, 12 yards for $1.
Ladies' All Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 12½ cents each.
Gents' All Linen Handkerchiefs, 12½ cents each.
French Kid Gloves, 60 cents a pair.
Jouvin's Kid Gloves (First Choice), reduced to $1 25.
150 Beautiful Sashes, reduced to Half Price.
Men's Heavy Merino Shirts and Drawers, reduced to 50 cents a pair.
Ladies' English Merino Vests, reduced to 75 cents each.
Misses' and Boys' Merino Vests, reduced to 50 cents each.
Men's White and Colored Shirts, reduced to 75 cents each.
500 pairs Splendid French Corsets, reduced to 50 cents a pair.
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